

Married At First Sight Chapter 4131

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After downing two glasses of wine, the alcohol hit them. Their faces flushed with excitement as they hurried over.

Marco released his grip on the suitcase, letting Shiloh's eldest brother pull it toward him.

They set it down and flipped it open.

The entire suitcase was packed with neatly bundled stacks of cash—each bundle containing a hundred thousand.

Their hands trembled with excitement. They had never seen this much money in one place before. The thought that all this cash now belonged to them made them grin from ear to ear.

Grabbing a bundle each, they kissed the stacks of bills.

"This is what I love most," the eldest brother said, his voice thick with greed. "The more, the better. The more, the better."

"Same here," the younger brother chimed in. "Let's each take ten bundles for now. We'll stash them in this suitcase and divide them up in private once we're home. Mom and our wives don't need to know just yet."

The fewer people who knew, the safer they felt.

Truth be told, both brothers were a little henpecked at home. The money they earned from odd jobs was usually handed straight to their wives, who always insisted that as men, it was their responsibility to provide for the family.

They understood that their wives managed the money for the household—for their children and their future. So, they never protested, willingly turning over most of their earnings.

Which meant their own spending money was usually next to nothing.

Now, with this unexpected windfall, they wanted to stash it away as their secret fund.

Once they got the rest of the payout, they'd tell their wives they only received two million each.

After all, they wouldn't dare go against Marco.

With a million in private cash, life would suddenly feel a lot more comfortable.

"Exactly," the eldest brother agreed. "No one else can know. Just the five of us."

He wasn't worried about Marco or his brothers spilling the secret. If anything, they had more reason to keep it quiet than he did.

Marco nodded. "I can't fit everything in one suitcase, so I'll grab another. That way, you can split it up. Eldest brother's clothes go in his bag, second brother's in his."

"Good idea," the younger brother said. "I'll throw in a few old clothes I don't need, pile them on top of the cash, and make it look like nothing special."

Marco smirked. "When I walk you out of the villa later, I'll carry these two suitcases myself. I'll tell anyone who asks that I'm giving you old clothes I don't want anymore. Then, I'll hand you a little cash in front of everyone, so they'll believe you came here to beg for money."

Shiloh's brothers nodded eagerly, impressed by Marco's foresight.

A moment later, Marco returned with another suitcase, this one actually filled with unwanted clothes.

Calling them "old" was a stretch—they had barely been worn.

Marco had too many clothes to begin with.

Before the divorce, Erika had picked out new outfits for him every time she went shopping. On top of that, the Farrell family's personal designer regularly tailored new suits for them.

They had more clothes than they could ever wear. Some pieces had never even been touched before being discarded.

Usually, they gave the extras to the bodyguards.

Now, Marco was handing them over to Shiloh's brothers.

They divided the money on the spot, stacking it at the bottom of the suitcases and covering it with clothes.

Meanwhile, Noel returned to the dining hall and packed up everything they hadn't finished—the leftover food, the half-empty wine bottles.

He bundled it all into several bags, handed them to Shiloh's eldest brother, and said, "If you're going to keep up the act, you need to sell it. Make it look like you really came here begging for scraps."